

BW565

N4

Sheffield Hymns  
1805

BW/565

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Wes. 1929

A NEW  
SELECTION  
OF  
Favourite  
HYMNS, &C.  
*As Sung,*  
OCCASIONALLY,  
AT THE  
METHODIST CHAPELS,  
IN  
SHEFFIELD.

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NOTE—The first of the following Hymns is adapted for the  
Opening of the New Chapel, in Carver Street.

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1805.

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## HYMN I.

*For the opening of a New Chapel.*

Great God! in whom we live and move,  
Whose name adoring hosts on high  
Chant in eternal strains of love,  
Through the bright temple of the sky.

Propitious to our present prayer,  
Incline thine ever gracious ear;  
O, make these hallow'd walls thy care,  
And fix thy sacred presence here.

In acts of purest worship join'd,  
Here let the gathering throng be found;  
One be their heart, and one their mind,  
While wond'ring angels gaze around!

Here let thy uncorrupted word  
With constant faithfulness be taught:  
Let every hearer know the Lord,  
And speak him found, whom once they sought.

Through long succeeding ages, this  
We ask, may be the happy lot  
Of all who seek unfading bliss,  
Within this consecrated spot.

Here let thy glorious witnesses,  
A long and numerous train, arise;  
Patterns of genuine righteousness,  
Made meet to dwell beyond the skies.

Wes. 1929

## HYMN II.

## METHODIST MEETING.

*Written and set to Music by Mr. W. E. Miller.*

All hail ! ye blest Saints, who assembled meet here,  
And waiting to feel the dear Saviour appear,  
Are pluming devotion's soft wing for a flight,  
And fervently rising to meet the delight.  
How solemn, how awful, how dreadful this place !  
Lo God ! he is here with the heavenly race,  
To comfort, and satiate our souls with his love,  
And open the ocean of bliss from above.

## CHORUS.

Come then join the Band above,  
Swell the general song of love ;  
Raise the heavenly Chorus higher,  
Catch the flame and spread the fire !  
Jesu's praise each heart employ,  
Thrill through all the common joy.

Oh ! Spirit of harmony ! Spirit of love !  
Through all the whole body shed life from above ;  
Still closer and closer, let's mutually draw  
The cord of sweet sympathy, soul-ruling law :  
O still may the Comforter shed the rich dew,  
Make means all divine, and each ordinance new ;  
On eagle's strong pinions, still soaring arise,  
And leaving low earth, we'll ascend to the skies.

## CHORUS. — Come then, &amp;c.

May Britain's bright Candlestick stand in its place.  
Its Candle still flaming with Liberty's blaze ;  
May mild toleration still bless the fam'd Isle —  
Religion and Loyalty join their sweet smile :  
May Peace, Love, and Concord, entwining their  
flowers,  
Combining, perfume all the roseate hours,





'Till Discord and Faction, steal skulking away,  
And brightly arises—MILLENNIAL DAY!

CHORUS.—Come then, &c.

### HYMN III.

MUSIC BY MR. J. F. HERRING.

Peace, troubled soul! whose plaintive moan  
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe,  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,

And let thy tears forget to flow:  
Behold, the precious balm is found!  
Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin opprest,  
Unburthen here the weighty load;  
Here find thy refuge, and thy rest,  
Safe on the bosom of thy God.

Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!  
That sheathes the avenger's glittering sword.

O Love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise:  
O Jesu! nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek but thee.

In suffering be thy love my peace,  
In weakness be thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesu! in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

As spring the winter, day the night,  
Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chase away.



And smiling joy, a seraph bright,  
 Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay :  
 Whilst glory weaves the immortal crown,  
 And waits to claim thee for her own.

## HYMN IV.

*MUSIC BY MR. T. STODHURST.*

MELCHISEDEC.

Thou dear redeemer, dying Lamb !  
 We love to hear of thee ;  
 No music like thy charming name,  
 Or half so sweet can be.

O may we ever hear thy voice  
 In mercy to us speak ;  
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchisedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
 While in the world we stay :  
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,  
 When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all that favour'd throng ;  
 Then we will sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song.

## HYMN V.

*MUSIC BY G. KNOWLES.*

*Farewell to the World.*

World, adieu ! thou real cheat,  
 Oft have thy deceitful charms  
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,  
 Foolish hopes, and false alarms :

Now I see as clear as day,  
 How thy follies pass away.  
 Vain thy entertaining sights,  
     False thy promises renew'd,  
 All the pomp of thy delights  
     Does but flatter and delude:  
 Thee I quit for heaven above,  
 Object of the noblest love.  
 Foolish vanity!—farewell!—  
     More inconstant than the wave,  
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,  
     Purest tempers they deprave:  
 He, to whom I fly from thee,  
 Jesus Christ, shall set me free.  
 Let not, Lord! my wandering mind  
     Follow after fleeting toys,  
 Since in thee alone, I find  
     Solid and substantial joys:  
 Joys that never over-past,  
 Thro' eternity shall last.

## HYMN VI.

### *THE LORD'S DAY.*

Hail happy day, a day of holy rest,  
 When saints assemble, and on dainties feast;  
 When all in smiles, the God of grace descends,  
 Opens his stores, and entertains his friends.

Why, Lord! to man should thou such favour shew,  
 Who shun'd thine arms and sought thine overthrow?  
 Why, but because thy tender bowels flow'd,  
 And matchless mercy is becoming God.

This made thee leave thy royal seat above;  
 And veil the God to manifest his love;



Made thee in form of sinful flesh appear,  
 Thy creature's rage and Father's wrath to bear.  
 A vile and cruel death this made thee die,  
 Thy precious blood was spilt my bliss to buy;  
 Wrath to appease, my furious foes controul,  
 And from eternal ruin save my soul.

## HYMN VII.

MUSIC BY G. KNOWLES.

Again the Day returns of holy rest,  
 Which when he made the world Jehovah blest,  
 When like his own he bade our labours cease,  
 And all be Piety, and all be Peace.

While impious men despise the sage decree,  
 From "vain deceit, and false philosophy."  
 Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,  
 Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this consecrated Day,  
 To learn his will, and all we learn obey;  
 In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,  
 And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of mercy pleas'd receive  
 That only tribute, Man has power to give;  
 So shall he hear, while fervently we raise,  
 Our choral harmony, in hymns of praise.

Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,  
 Whose power defends us, and whose precepts  
     guide;  
 In life our guardian, and in death our friend,  
 Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

## HYMN VIII.—ISAIAH LV. 1.

*Before Sermon.*

MUSIC BY MR. A GREATORIX.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

See from the rock a fountain rise!  
In healing streams it rolls:  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye burthen'd sin-sick souls.

Rivers of love, and mercy, here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

Ho! every one that thirsts, draw near,  
( 'Tis God invites you, come, )  
The sweetness of my mercy share,  
Return, ye wand'ers, home.

## HYMN IX.

*Redeeming Love.*

MUSIC BY MR. G. KNOWLES.

Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;  
Ye, who Jesu's kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face;  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.



Ye, alas ! who long have been  
 Willing slaves of death and sin ;  
 Now from bliss no longer rove,  
 Stop—and taste redeeming love.

Hither then your music bring,  
 Strike aloud each joyful string ;  
 Mortals join the hosts above,  
 Join to praise redeeming love.

### HYMN X.

Awake ! and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;  
 Wake every heart, and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,  
 Sing of his rising power ;  
 Sing how he intercedes above,  
 For those whose sins he bore.

Sing, till we feel our hearts  
 Ascending with our tongues ;  
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,  
 And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransom'd sinners ! sing ;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ the eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear him say,  
 " Ye blessed children ! come ;"  
 Soon will he call you hence away,  
 And take his exiles home.



## HYMN XI.

MUSIC BY G. KNOWLES.

## THE MORNING STAR.

My God! the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights :  
 In darkest shades if thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun ;  
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
 And thou my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine,  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 If Jesus shews his mercy mine,  
 And whispers I am his.  
 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
 At that transporting word,  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To see and praise my Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe ;  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Would bear me conqueror through.  
 In darkest shades if thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun ;  
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
 And thou my rising sun.

*This verse is  
 repeated to  
 suit the music*

## HYMN XII.

MUSIC BY G. KNOWLES.

*Dismission ;*

Or an invocation for a parting blessing, at the close  
of Divine Service.

Lord dismiss us with thy blessing,

Bid us all depart in peace,

Still on gospel manna feeding,

Pure seraphic joys increase ;

Fill our hearts with consolation,

Unto thee our voices raise ;

When we reach thy blissful station,

Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

And sing Hallelujah to God, and the Lamb for ever  
and ever.—Amen.

## HYMN XIII.

MUSIC BY MR. L. PROCTOR.

*The Watered Garden.*

Come, thou all inspiring spirit !

Into every longing heart ;

Bought for us by Jesu's merit,

Now thy blissful self impart :

Sign our uncontested pardon,

Wash us in the' atoning blood !

Make our hearts a water'd garden,

Fill our spotless souls with God.

If thou gav'st the enlarg'd desire,

Which for thee we ever feel,

Now our panting souls inspire,

Now our cancell'd sin reveal :



Claim us for thy habitation ;  
 Dwell within our hallow'd breast :  
 Seal us heirs of full salvation,  
 Fitted for our heavenly rest.

## HYMN XIV.

MUSIC BY MR. J. LEACH.

Happy beyond description he,  
 Who in the paths of piety  
 Loves from his birth to run :  
 Its ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all its paths are joy and peace,  
 And heaven on earth begun.

If this felicity were mine,  
 I every other would resign  
 With just and holy scorn ;  
 Cheerful would I my way pursue,  
 And with the promis'd land in view,  
 Singing to God return.

## HYMN XV.

MUSIC BY MR. J. LEACH.

When I survey the wondrous cross,  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord ! that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God :  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
 Did e'er such love or sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

### HYMN XVI.

MUSIC BY MR. J. LEACH.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!  
 Pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

When I pass the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Strong deliverer!  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

### HYMN XVII.

MUSIC BY MR. G. KNOWLES.

*Elysium.*

What hath the world to equal this?  
 The solid peace the heav'nly bliss,  
 The joy immortal, love divine,  
 The love of Jesus, ever mine?  
 Greater joys I'm born to know,



From terrestrial,  
To celestial,  
When I up to Jesus go.

When I shall leave this house of clay,  
Glorious angels shall convey;  
Upon their golden wings shall I,  
Wafted be above the sky;  
There behold him free from harms,  
Beauty vernal!  
Spring eternal!  
In my lovely Jesu's arms.

There in sweet silent raptures wait,  
'Till the saints' number is compleat;  
'Till the last trump of God shall sound,  
Break up the graves and tear the ground!  
Then descending with the Lamb,  
Every spirit  
Shall inherit  
Bodies of immortal frame.

## XVIII.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. G. KNOWLES.

The Dying Christian's happy end, and his glorious attendants to the Paradise of God.

Happy soul! thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below;  
Go by Angel-guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go.



## HYMN XIX.

To be sung over the Grave, during Interment.  
[From Dr. Watts's Miscellanies.]

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!  
Take this new treasure to thy trust;  
And give these sacred relics room,  
To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear  
Invade thy bounds; nor mortal woes  
Can reach the lovely sleepers here;  
And Angels watch their soft repose.

So Jesus slept, God's dying Son  
Past through the grave, and blest the bed;  
Rest here, dear Saint! 'till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn!  
Attend O earth! his sovereign word,  
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,  
She must ascend to meet her Lord,  
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

## HYMN XX.

SET TO MUSIC BY G. KNOWLES.

*The raptured Vision.*

CHORUS.

Burst, ye emerald gates! and bring  
To my raptur'd vision,  
All the extatic joys that spring  
Round the bright elysian;

## DUET.

Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,  
Break ye intervening skies ;  
Sun of righteousness ! arise,  
Ope the gates of paradise.

## CHORUS.

Floods of everlasting light  
Freely flash before him ;  
Myriads with supreme delight,  
Instantly adore him.

## DUET.

Angel-trumps resound his fame,  
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
All the music of his name,  
Heaven echoing the theme.

## CHORUS.

Four and twenty elders rise  
From their princely station ;  
Shout his glorious victories,  
Sing the great salvation ;

Cast their crowns before his throne,  
Cry in reverential tone,  
Holy ! holy ! holy One !  
Glory to th' eternal Son !

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